

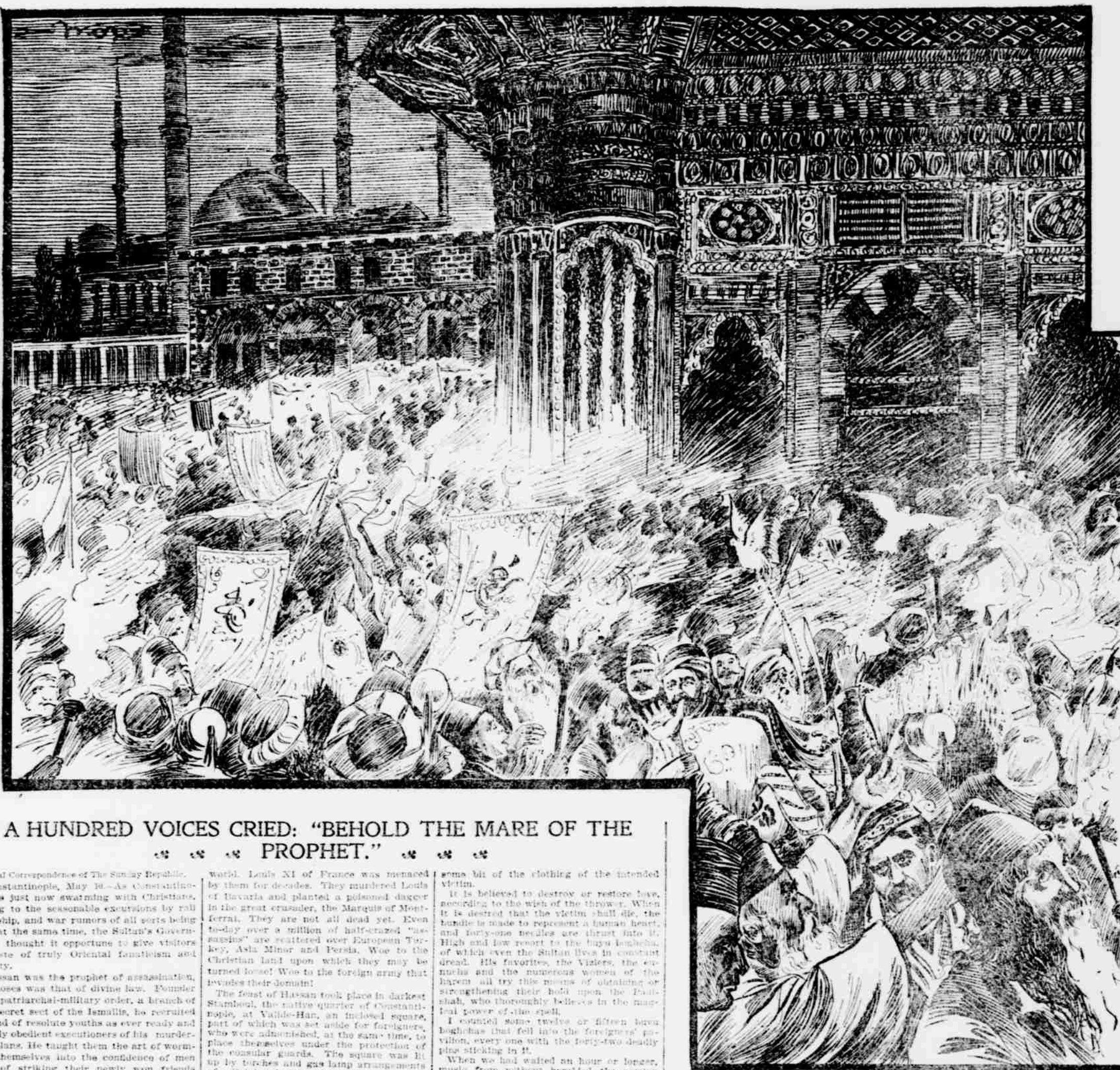
# THE THIRCE BLOODY FEAST OF HASSAN, CHIEF OF ASSASSINS—CONSTANTINOPLE IN A RELIGIOUS FRENZY...

BANDS OF MEN AND BOYS WOUND EACH OTHER WITH SWORDS AND SCORPIONS.

"If America really thinks of seizing and occupying one of our harbors, let her reflect that it needs but an appeal to Mohammedan iconoclastic tendencies to turn every able-bodied subject of the Padishah into a soldier swayed by religious frenzy."

## HOW PRESENT DAY DEVOTEES OF HASSAN,

"The Old Man of the Mountains," Honor the Memory of Their Patron Saint in Constantinople. The Modern Followers of the Founder of the Atrocious Order of Assassins Torture Themselves in View of Thousands. Founded in 1090, A. D. Their Order Was Called "Hashishin" or "Hemp-Eaters," Because Their Chief Had Them Intoxicated by the Use of Hashish Before They Committed Their Bloody Tasks. Europeans Called Them "Assassins," or Murderers.



### A HUNDRED VOICES CRIED: "BEHOLD THE MARE OF THE PROPHET."

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.

Constantinople. May be as a considerable city is just now swarming with Christians, owing to the seasonal excursions by rail and ship, and war rumors of all sorts being rife at the same time, the Sultan's Government thought it opportune to give visitors a taste of truly Oriental fanaticism and cruelty.

Hassan was the prophet of assassination, as Moses was that of divine law. Founder of a patriarchal-military order, a branch of the secret sect of the Ismailis, he recruited a band of resolute youths as ever ready and blindly obedient executioners of his murderous plans. He taught them the art of working themselves into the confidence of men and of striking their newly won friends down by poison or sword at the master's pleasure. The sect became known by their trade as "assassins"; its power was greatest in the Eleventh, Twelfth and Thirteenth centuries in Persia, Syria and Egypt. But its agents terrorized the monarchs of the whole

world. Louis XI of France was menaced by them for decades. They murdered Louis of Bavaria and planted a poisoned dagger in the great crusader, the Marquis of Montferrat. They are not all dead yet. Even today over a million of half-crazed "assassins" are scattered over European Turkey, Asia Minor and Persia. Woe to the Christian land upon which they may be turned loose! Woe to the foreign army that invades their domain!

The feast of Hassan took place in darkest Stambul, the native quarter of Constantinople, at Valide-Han, an enclosed square, part of which was set aside for foreigners, who were admitted, at the same time, to place themselves under the protection of the consular guards. The square was lit up by torches and gas lamp arrangements of adjoining houses, the owners of which had illuminated in honor of the occasion.

#### THE MAGIC SPELL.

Bayan bakhsh was thrown in every direction. This is a bundle of rugs made up of earth, charcoal, hair, human bones and

gems bit of the clothing of the intended victim. It is believed to destroy or restore love, according to the wish of the thrower. When it is desired that the victim shall die, the bundle is made to represent a human heart, and forty-one needles are thrust into it. High and low resort to the huge bundles, of which even the Sultan flies in constant dread. His favorites, the viziers, the eunuchs and the numerous women of the harem all try this means of obtaining or strengthening their hold upon the Padishah, who thoroughly believes in the magical power of the spell.

I counted some twelve or fifteen bakhshs that fell into the foreigners' pavilion, every one with the long-iron dagger sticking in it.

When we had waited an hour or longer, made from without heralded the coming of the procession. First we heard a melancholy singing, but soon the trumpets blared louder and faster, fiercer and fiercer.

**MARE OF THE PROPHET.**  
Now flags, standards and gold-poled horses

tails, born aloft, at the entrance, torch bearers, soldiers, mounted policemen and a murderous-looking mob, shouting, gesticulating, praying. A hundred voices cried: "Behold, the mare of the prophet!" and most of the spectators fell upon their knees, faces turned to the east.

The horse greeted with such reverence may be the sorriest jade, for all we know, for his head and form were wrapped in white muslin. On his back was a high Turkish saddle of white leather fastened with red and gold, and thereon perched two milk white doves that took wing every time he was dragged down by after chains fastened to one foot.

Long, crescent-shaped sabers rose on both sides of the saddle, probably real weapons, the blades thin and sharp like razors. They trembled menacingly with every step the horse took, and the people, whose bloodthirst was aroused, shouted approval.

#### TORTURED CHILDREN.

More flags and torches, then a second horse, also hung in white, but the white bedraggled by blood spots, that multiplied as the procession moved on.

A child, a boy between 7 and 8 years old, hung in the saddle. Leaning forward, he held fast to the mane with his left hand, while in his right he swung a saber.

The child was supported on one side by an old man, who kept step with the horse. If it didn't been for that the little one would have tumbled off with agonizing pain for the blood trickled from his ear and in a continuous flow.

This boy, it was explained, represented the son of Prophet Hassan—the son he murdered by smothering his head in a cushion. Hassan Junior's wounds were not deep; the skull was not fractured. They ran crosswise from the middle of the forehead to the base of the neck, and the boy's eyes were closed by the clot of blood. His naked back, too, was red with blood. He sat as if dazed, suffering silently, motionless, for the price of a square meal, perhaps.

#### CHEERS FOR THE FLOWING BLOOD.

The sight of the bleeding boy aroused the mob to wild cheers, and we foreigners were warned by the guards to refrain from expressions of disapproval if we valued our lives.

A third horse carried an even smaller boy

mutilated in the same horrible way. This poor child, naturally less strong and resolute than the other, rocked to and fro in his seat, pet without complaining or crying for mercy.

An American lady sitting near me asked the interpreter with an expression of horror: "Did you mind Hassan murder his whole family?"

"No, only his two boys. There comes his little girl, or rather, one representing the prophet's daughter," answered the Turk.

This child, who bore a large white like the boys, was bound to a horse like the boys. She had flowers in her hair, and three white roses among the crowd, who fought for them. These lucky enough to capture one pointed it against the blood-stained pavement and thrust it reverently.

#### THE CUT-HEADS.

Fifty barefoot men in white shirts followed. Their heads were shaved like the children's. Each held his nearest neighbor by a leather girth with his left hand, while swinging a scimitar in his right. The white shirts, streaked with blood, flashed round the white bedraggled standards and we expected to see more blood flow every second, but the interpreter told us that the men were only working themselves up into a fine frenzy. They looked wild enough to do murder, though, as they skipped over the slippery pavement, pronouncing the names of their deadened. Hassan, the first of the prophet, the second in a high key set unlike the blast of a trumpet.

#### THE FLAGELLANTS.

A party of wild flagellants came next, great swarms, robed in black, carrying with black staves around their heads. Their left shoulders and breasts were bare and their right hands armed with long whips. These men halted in the center of the square, formed a circle and began at once to beat their breasts. They thrashed their right arms, well and brought their fists down heavily on their flesh. It gave a dull thud to the accompaniment of songs.

While they engaged in disgusting self-torture, a priest, standing in the midst of the mob, read from a large book the story of Hassan, the prophet and all the other Muslims that preceded him as sovereigns of the tribe of "Assassins."

Then a small boy came forward to sing Hassan's praises. His hymn, we were told, lauded the prophet for murdering his children and sending them to heaven before their time. "Could there be anything more humane of more pleasing to God?"

Now followed the principal part of the procession, that commemorating the final taking of the Hassan dynasty. The last of the prophet's followers was slain in battle the Tartars having triumphed in the contest. He lay dying on the bloody field, and when discovered by the enemy was in the act of taking a drink from a silver cup.

The Tartars killed the prophet and cut off the hand that had dared to minister to his comfort.

Therefore a human hand made of wax, tin or brass, stuffed with sawdust, is the emblem of the procession; it is made from breadstuffs, from standards and is borne aloft by a hundred persons.

#### DANCING DERVISHES.

Dancing dervishes, now, these pagans more skillful in arousing the passions of the people in times of war or of political excitement. First we saw only stolid, passive, penitent faces and forms, but as the moment came for the whirling to begin the aspect suddenly changed.

On the level of the bare right foot each man commenced to revolve, his head bent low over the right shoulder, his eyes half closed. Both arms were extended; the right raised aloft, palm upward, to signify

petition for and reception of divine blessing; the left was depressed, palm downward, indicating that the blessings are received and, with self-remembrance, are bestowed on others.

After a little while the dancing platform seemed like a dizzy maze of circling forms, for each dancer revolved not only upon himself but around all the rest. Circle within circle, and the relative position of each was in constant change. The long white robes, hanging to the feet, were slowly discolored by the rapid motion, until at last they stood at right angles to the dancer. Yet, though the square was small and the participants were many, never did the robes rub or hand collide with hand.

#### IN ECSTASY.

With the music of the flute and tambourine sustaining and animating the devotees, the velocity of their motions gradually became greater, and the absorption of the actors more intense. An expression of ecstasy dawned on many countenances and they seemed moved as if in a delicious dream.

So the living labyrinth gelled on for thirty or forty minutes, while our own heads were going round and more than one of the ladies turned her face in her hands, as if she were sick. The whole party of dancers fell prostrate on the ground, where they remained for a considerable time. But after a while one by one rose to kneel off his spirituality.

#### FIRE-EATING.

Some devout burning fallow candles, while there drank the oil wherein the dips had been swimming, and still others ate the glass holders.

Six fellows, strapping forward, took burning torches from the guards and stuffed them in their mouths. The man who seemed to be the head of the company held his sacred into a wood fire until it was red hot. Then several dervishes came and lit the heated steel as American boys lap lollypops from dirty tinders.

Still more convincing proof of insensibility to pain or brackery? Scimitars, held in the fire and bent by it, were knocked into shape again on the foreheads of men sitting in a chair. Here a barefooted, strapped gaily over burning coals, then another dined on five snakes and frogs while sitting in a chair. Here a barefooted, strapped gaily over burning coals, then another dined on five snakes and frogs while sitting in a chair.

#### HASHEESH.

We were told that these dervishes were under the intoxicating influence of hashish; that is, the hemp plant, which Hassan used to throw his followers into a state of ecstasy before he assigned them to their bloody tasks. He made the "Assassins" drunk by liberal doses of the narcotic and then had them converted to a beautiful pleasure, a veritable paradise full of beautiful women, flowers and perfume.

After the dagger-aspirants had had their fill, they were thrown into a common state again and carried back to the place where they had come from. On awakening they were told that they had been in paradise as so enchanting a place they did not hesitate to risk their life over afterwards.

Hashish still grows in abundance in Asia Minor and Turkey generally, and its delirium-provoking properties are well known throughout the Orient. Maybe the time is

#### MORE FLAGELLANTS.

And the procession moved on. Now came a party of flagellants more vicious than the first. The old testamentarian scourge was their instrument of torture. They swung it high in the air, bringing it down slashing upon their neighbor's naked back as the Eastern Tartars once punished Mohammedans—the Mohammedans will lash nonbelievers—when there is a chance.

"The children of the prophet!" A thousand throats shouted the magic words, and the police had its hands full keeping the path for the horses clear. The chained white doves between gesticulating Mohammedans. The bleeding representatives of exalted Mohammedanism passed by. I couldn't bear to look at the child victims, but one of my neighbors told me that they appeared weaker, though in less agony and more than before. Hundreds were running at the side of the horses to catch drops of their blood.

#### CUT-HEADS MEAN BUSINESS.

The cut-heads, already described, followed. They were now in the "fine frenzy," beating the ocean, their white shirts red with gore, their scimitars doing cruel execution every time they were raised in honor of the prophet.

Some of the men had already from a dozen wounds. They seemed to enjoy it. They danced and shouted, their eyes rolled in rapturous delight, they took and dealt toward thrills like sugar plums. Their blows seemed to be mainly aimed at the head, but when they fell on the shoulders, back or arm, no one cared. In front of the combatants ran sponge holders, who, from time to time, wiped the sweat from the victim's eyes. Other men carrying stout canes parried the more vicious thrusts. No one moved during the ceremony if it can be helped.

A party of youngsters, imitating this frenzied mob, brought up the rear of the procession. The boys seemed to be from 10 to 15 years old, and the smallest ones were most unfeeling. They carried red swords, and their little hands were running in streams from their heads, arms and backs.

By this time the police had made arrangements for most of the foreigners to withdraw. We were in a state bordering on nausea. Many of the ladies had to be carried to their cars. All the children, on the other hand, were the most barbaric performance an audience of civilized people were ever invited to see.

As we were straggling toward the bridge across the Golden Horn, that connects the Turkish town with Pera, the footmen's quarters, another, still more procession of fanatics, fired by more children, and men mutilating themselves in cringing, agonizing fervor. Their bloody clothes left spots on our carriage door.

Verily, this was the Orient, the mysterious, sensual, cruel, excitable Mohammedan to the core!

This was Constantinople, the city of many tongues, where a person speaking only five languages can't do business.

Asia Minor, Africa, all the southern islands and peninsulas of Europe apart their worst battle out on these shores. Mohammedans, Persians, Greeks, Armenians, Jews and people of the Latin races—one crowd always ready to spring at the throat of the other. Real Turks we find only among the upper ten, in the palaces, in the places where one may get rich without great display of work.

These govern Constantinople by the saber. She alone survived under that regime which reduced all other cities of the Roman Empire of the East to villages.

A town of enormous vitality, and her thirst for blood equal to her endurance.

BAYON VON KETTERER.  
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## THIS TOWN IN MAINE GETS ALONG WITHOUT LAWS, LIQUORS OR TAXES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

There's a town down in Maine that has neither laws, nor liquor, taxes nor troubles. Neither has it any politicians, or lawyers, or doctors, or preachers; but it has a good school, a fine water supply, a system of sewers, electric lights, telephones, a railroad, with two trains a day, and a mill that keeps every man in town at work every working day in the year.

This quaint town is known as Hastings, but isn't down on the map, because it has never been incorporated. Its inhabitants are 29 husky, hardy lumbermen, their wives and families and nobody else. It is built in a bend of the Wild River at the foot of the White Mountains, and has the finest climate that ever happened for two months every year.

On official maps of the State the townsite is put down as "Hatchelder's Grant, unorganized." It has been thus described ever since the principal forest—a large portion of it was devoted to one Hatchelder, before the beginning of the century.

The citizens say that they do not want a town, organization, because at present everything is as good as everybody else, no better. The State can't make them "organize," unless they want to; so there you are.

Hastings is owned by a company. The company manages the town to suit its own ideas as to public needs and morals. The company also owns the railroad. As owner of the railroad it is not a common carrier, and therefore it can refuse passage over the road to any and all persons it may choose.

Thus if an itinerant merchant in liquor, known in Maine as a "pocket peddler," wants to go to Hastings to sell disturbing spirits to the workmen, he may be denied transportation over the railroad, even though he may tender fare.

Should he persist in walking to the town he must follow the railroad track, from which, if being private property, he might easily be ejected. On one side of this railroad track is a mountain covered with a howling wilderness. On the other side is a river filled with raging waters tearing along a bed of boulders.

Hastings is a wild and secluded place, and yet it is only three miles from a trunk line of railroad, and but two and a half hours' ride from Portland. It nestles in a hollow in the hills.

It is not more than a dozen or fifteen miles from the Glen House, as the crowd flies. It is approached from the east, however, and is situated on waters that run into the Androscoggin River, which flows through Western Maine.

As you step from the train at Hastings you are conscious that this is a different village from any you have ever seen.

On the north side is a row of cottages, painted red. Their back yards end at the edge of the Wild River's bank, so that the music of the howling stream, as it plunges along over the boulders, lulls their occupants to sleep, soothes their slumbers and accompanies them always in the daytime. It is never still, that river, and in it swim trout of a strong and lusty kind—the kind of fish sportsmen would be glad to go after. If the company encouraged fishing on its property, which it does not, owing to the danger from fire that is always present with the fisherman, who is pretty sure to



smoke a reflective pipe, or build a fire to heat food or drink.

Hatchelder's mill lands are permanent residents. They stick to their jobs the year round, and most of them save money. The average pay received at the mill is \$10 a day, though some of the most skilled, like head sawyers, receive as high as \$15 a day.

Pay day comes on the 15th of every month. In Hastings it is not as day for lavish expenditure of money, as in most mill towns. Many of the workmen leave their pay envelopes with the company for months at a time, their board being taken out of their credit with the company.

If they want anything at the store they are given a book of coupons, which is charged against them. This does away with bookkeeping at the store, the company being legal tender there. The company pays out not less than \$2000 a year in wages, the greater part of it being in hard cash.

The rent of a cottage at Hastings is \$2 a month. Each house has at least eight rooms, and is connected by sewer with the river. No charge is made by the company for water, which is brought down to the village from a spring in a mountain near, and is carried to the houses.

In the eyes of the law the town is wild land and unsettled, just as it was when granted to Richard Hatchelder two years ago by the State of Massachusetts. The name Hastings comes from a purchase of part of the Hatchelder grant about forty years ago by G. A. Hastings of Bethel and D. R. Hastings of Fryeburg.

The lumber company operating at Hastings owns about 1000 acres of the Hatchelder grant, and about 6000 acres of the Bean purchase, so called, in New Hampshire. The company is not identified with the original Hastings interests, which operate separately in a smaller way near Hastings. The officers of the lumber company are: Daniel F. Emery, Jr., president, and William Mitchell, treasurer, both of Portland. It is probable that the plant at Hastings will be greatly increased in the near future.

In the mountains Hastings is officially "Hatchelder's grant, unorganized," and is not on the map.



Hills from which deer and black bear, coming out on some eminence of rock, may look down over the peaceful hamlet and hear the droning of the saws in the mill.